QUEEN MARY's

LAMENTATION.

[Printed by J. JENNINGS, Sheffield.]

I SIGH and lament me in vain,
These walls can but echo my moan;
Alas! it encreases my pain,
When I think on the days that are gone:
Through the grates of my prison I see
The birds, as they wanton in air;
My heart how it pants to be free!
My looks they are wild with despair.

Above, though oppress'd by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes;
Though Fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those:
False woman!—in ages to come;
Thy malice detested shall be;
And when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye roofs, where cold damps and dismay
With silence and solitude dwell,
How comfortless passes the day!
How sad tolls the evening bell!
The owls from the battlements cry,
Hollow winds seem to murmur around,
"O Mary! prepare thee to die:"—
My blood it runs cold at the sound.